

S^r Martin Mar-all,

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at

His Highness the Duke of YORK's

THEATRE.



L O N D O N,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blue*
Anchor in the *Lower Walk* of the *New Exchange*. 1678.

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Prologue.

Fools, which each man meets in his Dish each day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so dear:
Fops in the Town more easily will pass,
One Story makes a statutable Ass;
But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
Like Telks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing Poets all their Walks invade,
As men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They stow their several Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
For, Gallants, you your selves have found the Wit.
To bid you welcome would your Bounty wrong,
None welcome those who bring their Chear along.

The Names of the Persons.

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Lord Dartmouth, | In Love with Mrs. Christian. |
| Mr. Moody, | The Swash-Buckler. |
| Sir Martin Mar-all, | A Fool. |
| Warner, | His Man. |
| Sir John Swallow, | A Kentish Knight. |
| Lady Dupe, | The Old Lady. |
| Mrs. Christian, | Her young Niece. |
| Mrs. Millisent, | The Swashbucklers daughter. |
| Rose, | Her Maid. |
| Mrs. Preparation, | Woman to the old Lady. |
| Other Servants, Men and Women. | |
| A Carrier. | |
| Bayliffs. | |

The SCENE Covent-Garden.

THE Feign'd Innocence;

OR

Sir MARTIN MARR-ALL.

ACT. I.

*Enter Warner solus.**Warn.***W**

Here the Devil is this Master of mine? he is ever out of the way when he should do himself good. This 'tis to serve a Coxcomb, one that has no more brains than just those I carry for him. Well! of all Fopps commend me to him for the greatest; he's so opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he sows his Stratagems so shallow, that every Daw can pick'm up: from a plotting Fool the Lord deliver me. Here he comes, O! it seems his Cousin's with him, then it is not so bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Marral, Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. I think 'twas well contriv'd for your access to lodge her in the same house with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admirable. [*aside.*]

La. Dupe. For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I so order'd it, the choice seem'd his, not mine.

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing my self sometimes, when wiser Heads have miss'd it——But that might be meer luck

La. Dupe. Fortune does more than Wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; I will not value any mans Fortune at a rush;

B

Except

Except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out.
But when do you expect 'm?

La. Dupe. This Tide will bring them from *Gravesend*.
You had best let your man go as from me,
And wait them at the Stairs in *Durham-yard*.

Sir Mart. Lord, Cousin, what a do is here with your Counsel!
As though I could not have thought of that my self.
I could find in my heart not to send him now — stay a little
— I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A minute's stay may lose your business.

Sir Mart. Well, go then, — but you must grant, if he had stay'd,
I could have found a better way, — you grant it?

La. Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. — [*Exit Warner.*]
'Tis a sweet Gentlewoman this *Mrs Millisent*, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

La. Dupe. But by your favour, Sir, 'tis not so easie,
Her father has already promis'd her:

And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em:
I partly know the man — but the old Squire is humerfome,
He's stout, and plain in speech and in behaviour;
He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of breeding,
But stands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things.
This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure! you think you have to deal with a Fool, Cousin?
[*Enter Mrs Christian.*]

La. Dupe. O my dear Neice, I have some business with you.
[*Whispers.*]

Sir Mart. Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i'th *Piazza's*.
A thousand things are hammering in this head;
'Tis a fruitful noddle, though I say it, [*Exit Sir Martin.*]

La. Dupe. Go thy ways for a most conceited Fool —
But to our business, Cousin: you are young, but I am old, and have
had all the Love-experience that a discreet Lady ought to have; and
therefore let me instruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes
to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's Marry'd, so that we cannot work
upon that ground of Matrimony.

La. Dupe. But there are advantages enough for you, if you will be
wise and follow my advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your care, therefore I will
wholly follow your Counsel with secrecy and obedience.

La. Dupe. Sweet-heart, it shall be the better for you another day:
well then, this Lord that pretends to you is crafty and false, as most

men.

men are, especially in Love: — therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermine against his Works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

La. Dupe. Why Girl, hee'l make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a kiss: but you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so; and play the innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

La. Dupe. And be sure when he has tows'd you, not to appear at Supper that night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

La. Dupe. That he may think you have told me.

Chr. I Madam.

La. Dupe. And keep your Chamber, and say your head akes.

Chr. O, most extreemly, Madam.

La. Dupe. And lock the door, and admit of no night visits: at Supper I'll ask where's my Cousin, and being told you are not well, I'll start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him agen.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

La. Dupe. Then somewhat discompos'd, I'll say, I doubt the Meazles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd; saying, Poor thing, her Portion is her Beauty and her Vertue; and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my Servants ears, and have those whispers of your health return'd to mine: if his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspence.

La. Dupe. A hopeful Girl! Then will I eat nothing that night, feigning my grief for you; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my passion off, yet shew it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

La. Dupe. A dainty Girl! and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return strait to his Lordship: but after I am gone send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that night in person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

La. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a Termagant Lady: but when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with joy.

Chr. Finding my simple innocence, which will inflame him more.

La. Dupe. Then what the Lyon's skin has fall'd him in, the Foxes subtlety must next supply, and that is just: Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty folks treaties are their advantage: especially when his passion must be satisf'd at any rate, and you keep shop to set the price of Love: so now you see the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the blessing of Heav'n upon my poor endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

La. Dupe. My blessing and my pray'rs go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow. Mrs Millesent, and Rose her Maid.

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heiress you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

La. Dupe. How're I am Sir Martin's Friend, I must not seem his Enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young Lady begs the honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

La. Dupe. Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freshness of the Country up to Town with you. *[They salute.]*

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen use, at an Easter-Term, to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes, to see a New Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and so down again to sleep with my Forefathers.

Sir John. Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indispos'd with your Voyages will you please to see the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

La. Dupe. This is the door — there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might presume on your Commands. *[In whisper.]*

Mill. You mean Sir Martin Marrall: I am glad he has entrusted his passion with so discreet a person. *[In whisper.]*

La. Dupe. Sir John, let me intreat you to stay here, that my Father may have intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, Madam.

[Exeunt Women.]

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir John. Sir Martin Marrall! most happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir Mart. Some three days since, or thereabouts: but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, man?

Sir Mart. My villanous old luck still follows me in gaming, I never

yet throw the Dice out of my hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: if I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and which most mads me, I lose all my Sets when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half year.

Sir John. The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded: they forswear play as an angry Servant doth his Mistress, because she loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another nature; I am in love, Sir.

Sir John. That's the worst Game you could have play'd at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square: you venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: for you set your heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Mistress Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir Mart. I can assure you, Sir, mine is a Maid; The Heiress of a wealthy Family, Fair to a Miracle.

Sir John. Does she accept your service?

Sir Mart. I am the only person in her favour. [Enter Wamper]

Sir John. Is she of Town or Country?

Warn. aside. How's this?

Sir Mart. She is of Kent, near Canterbury.

Warn. What does he mean? this is his Rival [Aside.]

Sir John. Near Canterbury say you? I have a small Estate lies thereabouts, and more concerns than one besides.

Sir Mart. I'll tell you then, being at Canterbury, It was my Fortune once in the Cathedral Church —

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intrust this man with your Affair thus? —

Sir Mart. Trust him? why he's a friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you a Word Sir —

Sir Mart. Prethee leave fooling: — and as I was saying — I was in the Church when I first saw this fair one.

Sir John. Her Name, Sir, I beseech you.

Warn. For Heaven's sake, Sir, have a care?

Sir Mart. Thou art such a Coxcomb — Her name's *Millisent*.

Warn. Now the Fox take you Sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. *Millisent* say you? that's the name of my Mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord! what luck is that now I well Sir, it happen'd,

one of her Gloves fell down, I stoop'd to take it up; And in the stooping made her a Complément. —

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick skull'd Master of mine tell the whole story to his Rival —

Sir Mart. You'll say, 'twas strange Sir; but at the first glance we cast on one another, both our hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a tickling kind of pain slid to each others breast, and in one moment settled as close and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their lodging. I follow'd her somewhat at a distance, because her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold Sir —

Sir Mart. Sawcy Rascal, avoid my sight; Must you tutor me? So Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's House, without whose knowledge I did Court the Daughter, and both then and often since coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her kindness to me!

Warn. You had best tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your love under-hand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remember'd I faith, I thank thee for that, I had forgot it I protest! my *Valet de Chambre*, whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman —

Warn. O the Devil. —

Sir Mart. In fine Sir, this Maid being much in her Mistress's favour, so well sollicit'd my Cause, that in fine I gain'd from fair Mistress *Millisent* an assurance of her kindness, and an engagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair discovery! —

Sir John. A most pleasant Relation I assure you: you are a happy man Sir! but, What occasion brought you now to *London*?

Sir Mart. That was in expectation to meet my Mistress here; she writ me word from *Canterbury*, she and her Father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her Father, said you Sir?

Warn. Tell him Sir, for Heavens sake tell him all —

Sir Mart. So I will Sir, without your bidding: her Father and she are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge by my Contrivance in yon House; the Master of which is a cunning Rascal as any in Town — him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to speak so scandalously of my Landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your Fools head, — So that by his means I shall have free access, and regress when I please Sir — without her Fathers knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this.

Sir John.

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to speak openly to her Father.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith, in speaking to old Moody, I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So now he has told her Father's name, 'tis past recovery.

Sir John. Is her Fathers name *Moody* say you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes Sir, I know him for a man

Who is too wise for you to over-reach;
I am certain he will never marry his Daughter
To you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the jest on't:
He shall never know it: 'tis but but your
Keeping of my Counsel; I'll do as much for you
mun —

Sir John. No Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not your self about
this Lady; her affections are otherwise engaged to my knowledg —
hark in your Ear — her Father hates a Gamester like a Devil: I'll keep
your Counsel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay but this is not all dear *Sir John.*

Sir John. This is all I assure you: only I will make bold
To seek your Mistress out another Lodging — [Ex. *Sir John.*

Warn. Your affairs are now put into an excellent posture,
Thank your incomparable discretion — this was a Stratagem my
shallow wit could ne're have reach'd to make a Confident of my
Rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest man! is he my Rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while! well
Sir, for a quick apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the Devil cam'st thou to know on't? and
Why the Devil didst thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the first of your Devils I answer, her Maid *Rose* told
me on't: to the second I with a thousand Devils take him that would
not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparallell'd Ignorance! why he left her father at the
water-side, while he lead the Daughter to her Lodging, whither I
directed him; so that if you had not laboured to the contrary, For-
tune had plac'd you in the same House with your Mistress, with-
out the least suspicion of your Rival, or of her Father, but 'tis well,
you have satish'd your talkative humour, I hope you have some new
project of your own to set all right agen: for my part I confess all my
designs, for you are wholly ruin'd; the very foundations of 'em are
blown up.

Sir

Sir Mart. Prithee insult not over the Destiny of a poor undone Lover, I am punish'd enough for my indiscretion in my design, and have nothing to hope for now but death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word, things are not brought to that extremity, I'll cast about to save all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. O, *Sir Martin*! yonder has been such a stir within, *Sir John*, I fear, smokes your design, and by all means would have the old man remove his Lodging; pray God your man has not play'd false.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb sufficient to do it, my Master knows that none but such a great Calf as I could have done it, such an over-grown Ass, a self conceited Ideot as I —

Sir Mart. Nay, *Warner*, —

Warn. Pray, *Sir*, let me alone: — what is it to you if I rail upon my self? now could I break my own Logger head. —

Sir Mart. Nay, sweet *Warner*.

Warn. What a good Master have I; and I to ruin him: O Beast; —

La. Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, *Sir Martin*, this storm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how dear Cousin.

La. Dupe. When I heard *Sir John* complain of the Landlord, I took the first hint of it, and joyn'd with him, saying if she were such an one, I would have nothing to do with him: in short I railed him so well, that *Sir John* was the first who did desire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinswoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my self. —

Warn. Are you there again, *Sir*? — now as I have a Soul —

Sir Mart. Mum, good *Warner*, I did but forget my self a little, I leave my self wholly to you, and my Cousin; get but my Mistress for me, and claim what e'r reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of reward will diligence beget,
Find you the Money, and I'll find the wit. [Exit.]

ACT.

A C T. II.

Enter Lady Dupe, and Mrs. Christian.

Chr. IT hapned Madam, just as you said it would,
But was he so concern'd for my feign'd sickness?

La. Dupe. So much that *Moody* and his Daughter, our new Guests, took notice of the trouble, but the Cause was kept too close for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in love, and then —

La. Dupe. And then thou shalt distil him into Gold my Girl.
Yonder he comes, I'll not be seen: — you know
Your Lesson, Child.

[*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you.

[*Enter Lord Dartmouth.*

Lord. Pretty Mistress *Christian*,

How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm I warrant you, but why are you so afraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your last ill usage, and now I feel my old fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my back shuts and opens; I, just so it began before.

Lord. Nay, my sweet Mistress, be not so unjust
To suspect any new attempt:
I am too penitent for my last fault,
So soon to sin agen. —

I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shall repent your goodness to me,
But may not I presume there was some little
Kindness in it, which mov'd you to conceal my
Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have mine Aunt angry with you for
all this earthly good;
But yet I'll never be alone with you agen.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me sit nearer to you:
You do not understand what love I bear you.
I vow it is so pure —
My Soul's not fully'd with one spot of sin:

Were you a Sister or a Daughter to me,
With a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high words — I cannot understand you.

Lord. The business of my life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my care and study to advance and see you settled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes,
And in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me?

Touching her band Glov'd.

Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fye my Lord, in faith you are to blame.

{ Pulling her

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour e'r we do ingage.

{ band away. (Pulls at her glove.

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you,
And, Madam, that's against the Laws of Arms,

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your eyes, but I will thus preserve it.

(hugging her bare band.

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me, nay — if you squeeze it ne'r so hard — there's nothing to come out on't — fye — is this loving one? — What makes you take your breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can answer her a word,
All my Sences are quite imploy'd another way.

Chr. Ne'r stir, my Lord, I must cry out —

Lord. Then I must stop your mouth — this Ruby for a Kiss — that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within. Why Neece, where are you Neece?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I shall be hang'd for staying with you — let me go my Lord.

[Gets from him.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. My Lord, Heaven blefs me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord.

Lord. I was just wishing for you Madam, your Niece and I have been so laughing at the blunt humour of your Country-Gentleman — I must go pass an hour with him. [Ex. Lord.]

Chr. You made a little too much haste ;
I was just exchanging a Kifs for a Ruby.

Lad. No harm done ; it will make him come on the faster :
Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly :
The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl I warrant you.

Chr. But what must I do next ?

La. Dupe. Tell him I grew suspicious, and examin'd you
Whether he made not Love ; which you deny'd.
Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you ;
So that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your Daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false report to ruine me.

La. Dupe. Therefore you desire his Lordship,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Hence-forward to forbear his Visits to you.

Chr. But how if he should take me at my Word ?

La. Dupe. Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest woman, and there's an end ont : but fear not that, hold out his messages, and then he'll write, and that is it my Bird which you must drive it to: then all his Letters will be such Extacies, such Vows and Promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of 'em your advantages.

Chr. But, Madam ! he's i th' house, he will not write.

La. Dupe. You Fool—he'll write from the next Chamber to you,
And rather then fail, send his Page-Post with it upon a Hobby-horse : — then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him by my being there ; he'll curse me, but I care not.
When you are alone, he'll urge his lust, which answer you with scorn and anger

Chr. As thus an't please you Madam ?
What ? Does he think I will be damn'd for him ?
Defame my Family, ruine my Name,
To satisfy his pleasure ?

La. Dupe. Then he will be prophane in's Arguments,
Urge Natures Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and those are throw'd Arguments ;
But I am resolv'd I'll stop my Ears.

La. Dupe. Then when he sees no other thing will move you,
He'll sign a portion to you before hand :
Take hold of that, and then of what you will.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir John, Mrs. Milliscent, and Rose.

Sir John. Now, fair Mrs. *Milliscent*, you see your Chamber, Your Father will be busied a few minutes, and in the mean time permits me the happiness to wait on you. —

Mill. 'Tis thinks you might have chose us better Lodgings, This house is full; the other we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me: You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir John. You know, Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him: Can you deny your affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me so, I will not satisfy you.

Sir John. Then I perceive I am not likely to be so much oblig'd to you as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance, — I'll not believe a word on't. —

Sir John. That's as you please: however 'tis believ'd, His wit will not much credit your choice.

Madam, do justice to us both; pay his ingratitude and folly with your scorn; my service with your Love.

By this time your Father stays for me: I shall be discreet enough to keep this fault of yours from him;

The Lawyers wait for us to draw your Joynture:

And I would beg your pardon for my absence,

But that my Crime is punish'd in it self.

[Exit.

Mill. Could I suspect this usage from a favour'd Servant!

Rose. First hear Sir *Martin* ere you quite condemn him. Consider 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf: —

Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguish'd.

Mill. Nay, he has wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his business?

I wonder after such a Crime;

If his master has the face to send him to me.

Rose. How durst you venture hither?

If either Sir *John* or my old Master see you.

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next street; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save'em a labour.

Mill. What says that Fellow to you? what business can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladiship should ask that question, Knowing whom I serve!

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this anger becomes your Ladiship most admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you from my self, Madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet Prank your Master play'd us: a Lady's well helpt up that trusts her Honour in such a persons hands: to tell all so, — and to his Rival too.

Excuse him if thou canst.

Warn. How the Devil should I excuse him? thou knowest he is the greatest Fop in Nature —

Rose. But my Lady does not know it; if she did —

Mill. I'll have no whispering.

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the confidence to speak out, Unless you can take mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Master, Madam. But sure I little thought he was his Rival.

Rose. The witty Rogue has taken't on himself.

[*Aside.*]

Mill. Your Master then is innocent.

Warn. Why, could your Ladiship suspect him guilty?

Pray tell me, do you think him

Ungratefull, or a fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the depth of him.

But when he knows what thoughts you harbour of him,

As I am faithfull, and must tell him, —

I wish he does not take some pet and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad I hope, to tell him on't;

If thou dost, I'll be sworn, I'll forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon condition then you'll pardon me,

I'll see what I can do to hold my tongue.

Mill. This Evening in *S. James's Park* I'll meet him. (*Knock within.*)

Warn. He shall not fail you, Madam.

Rose. Some-body knocks — Oh Madam what shall we do?

'Tis Sir *John*, I hear his voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door,

(*He goes out.*)

To them Sir John.

Mill. You've made a quick dispatch, Sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within, — but I must look some Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-room *(Is going to the Door.)*

Mill. Pray stay a little, Sir. —

Warn. at the Door. He must pass just by me, and if he sees me, I am but a dead man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a word or two I have to tell you.

'Tis of importance to you. —

Sir John. Give me leave. —

Mill. I must not before I discover the Plot to you.

Sir John. What Plot?

Mill. Sir *Martins* Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither To tempt me from his Master, to have met him.

Warn. at the Door. Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech to ram me into some hole.

Mill. For my part I was so startled at the Message, That I shall scarcely be my self these two days.

Sir John. Oh that I had the Rascal! I would teach him To come upon such Errands.

Warn. Oh for a gentle Composition now! An Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What Answer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly by a Promise

Of an appointment of a place I nam'd,

Where I ne'r meant to come: but would have had

The pleasure first to tell you how I serv'd him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean suspicion of me,

Indeed I wonder'd you should love a Fool.

But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In *Graves-Inn* Walks.

Warn. By this Light, she has put the change upon him!

O sweet Woman-kind, how I love thee for that heavenly gift of lying!

Sir John. For this evening I will be his Mistress;

He shall meet another *Penelope* then he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, Madam.

[Exit
Warn.

Warn. entering Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as *Graves-Inn* Walks: now I have time
To walk the other way, and see thy Master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid
A Plot shall send his Rival far enough from watching him e'r
long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest?

Warn. 'Tis so design'd, Fate cannot hinder it.
Our Landlord where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings should be so
left by Sir *John*, is resolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the
way.

You'll see th' affect on't presently.

Rose. O Heavens! the dooz opens agen, and Sir *John* is return'd
once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Half my business was forgot; you did not tell me when
you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Rascal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, else I must have left untold a
Message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, What's your business, Sirrah?

Warn. We must be private first; 'Tis only for your ear.

Rose. I shall admire his wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Masters order. —

Sir John. I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, Sir;
I came to sound the Vertue of your Mistress; which I have done so
cunningly, I have at last obtain'd the promise of a meeting.
But my good Master, whom I must confess more generous than wise,
knowing you had a passion for her, is resolv'd to quit:
And, Sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private
to advise you still to have an eye upon her actions,

Sir John. Take this Diamond for thy good news;
And give thy Master my acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Masters; he that will cozen you,
commonly gets your good will into the bargain. [Aside.]

Sir John. Madam, I am now fatish'd of all sides; first of your
truth, then of Sir *Martins* friendship.
In short, I find you two cheated each other,
Both to be true to me.

Mill.

Mill. Warner is got off as I would wish, and the knight over-
reach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord disguised like a Carrier.

Rose. How now! What would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance. — *(Aside to her.*
Landl. I was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow*; they told me I might hear news of him in this House.

Sir John. Friend, I am the man: What have you to say to me?

Landl. Nay, 'Faith Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, But I have a Letter for you in my Pouch:

There's plaguy news in't, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your Letter?

Landl. From your old Uncle *Anthony*.

Sir John. Give me your Letter quickly.

Landl. Nay, soft and fair goes far. — Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir John. Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Landl. I think I feel it now, this should be who.

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Landl. I'll pluck out my Spectacles and see first.

To Mr. *Paul Grimbard* — Apprentice to —

No, that's not for you, Sir, — that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson*.

Sir John. Præthee dispatch; do'st thou not know the Contents on't?

Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir John. Well, What's the business on't?

Landl. Nay, no great business; 'tis but only that your Worships Father's dead.

Sir John. My loss is beyond expression! how dy'd he?

Landl. He went to bed as well to see to as any man in *England*, And when he awaken'd the next morning. —

Sir John. What then?

Landl. He found himself stark dead.

Sir John. Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my estate; Heaven knows with what regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir

Sir John. Dear Madam, say not so, a few days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir Martin.

Noble *Sir Martin*, the welcomest man alive!

Let me embrace my Friend.

Rose. How untowardly he returns the salute! *Warner* will be found out. [aside.]

Sir John. Well friend! you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I scorn your words; and I would I were hang'd, if it be not the farthest of my thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool most naturally.

Were we alone, how would we laugh together?

[aside.]

Sir John. This is a double generosity,
To do me favours and conceal 'um from me;

But honest *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the Rascal told you?

Sir John. Your plot to try my Mistress for me—— you understand me, concerning your appointment.

Warn. Sir, I desire to speak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent Rascal, when I am most busie, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I should speak with you, good Sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i' faith, thou knowest breeding well that I should whisper with a Serving-man before company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, last time it had been better——

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fists;
If I don't fright him, the sawcy Rogue will call me fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted most naturally again.

[aside.]

Sir John to him. But what needs this dissembling, since you are Resolv'd to quit my Mistress to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my Mistress! that's a good one i' faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forsaken me.

[aside:]

Sir Mart. I understand you, Madam, you would save
A quarrel; but i' faith I'm not so base:
I'll see him hang'd first.

Warn. Madam, my Master is convinc'd, in prudence
He should say so: but Love o'ermasters him;
When you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant;

I see my presence brings constraint to the company. [Ex. *Mill* & *Rose*.]

Sir John. I'm glad she's gone, now we may talk more freely;
For if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your self; did not you send me of a
message to *Sir John*, that for his friendship you had left *Mrs. Mallisem*?

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir John. How's this! has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least: You know, Sir,
It was not generous before a Lady,
To say he quitted her.

Sir John. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: say, Yes good *Sir John*—or I'll swinge you.
[aside.]

Sir Mart. Yes, good *Sir John*.

Warn. That's well, once in his life he has heard good counsel.

Sir Mart. Heigh, Heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put
on a Fools Coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore
in a surfeited Horse, cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest Landlord i' faith, and what make you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest man?

Landl. Take heed what you say, Sir.

[To *Sir Martin* softly.]

Sir Mart. Take heed what I say, Sir, why? who should I be afraid
of? of you, Sir? I say, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reason to
know him, Sir, for I am sure I lodge in his house, Sir,—nay, never think
to terrify me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles Street*, Sir.

Landl. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my Father—

Landl. Is in very good health, for ought I know, Sir; I beseech you
to trouble your self no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this Lye?

Sir Mart. I, who set you on, Sirrah? this was a Rogue that would
cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your mark-
bones, and confess the truth: have you no tongue you Rascal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis some silenc'd Minister: he's grown so fat, he can-
not speak.

Landl. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my Masters sake! why you impudent Varlet, do you
think to 'scape us with a Lye?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' occasion the
Lady lodg'd not at his house, and so he invented this Lye; partly to re-
venge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once
again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a Cudgel prithee.

Landl. O good Sir! if you beat me, I shall run into oil immediately.

Warn. Hang him Rogue; he's below your anger: I'll maul him for you—the Rogue's so big, I think 'twill ask two dayes to beat him all over. *[Beats him.]*

Landl. O Rogue, O Villain *Warner!* bid him hold, And I'll confess, Sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: must such as you be prating? *[Beats him out.]*

Enter Rose. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir John. Friend will you go along, and take part of a bad Repast?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am just risen from Table.

Warn. Now he might sit with his Mistress, and has not the wit to find it out.

Sir John. You shall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no Stomach, Sir. *O A*

Warn. Get you in with a vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. *[Pushes him.]*

Sir Mart. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would shame me; He thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Servingman.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu dear Sir. *[Exit.]*
In any thing command me.

Sir Mart. Now we are alone; ha'nt I carry'd matters bravely, Sirrah.

Warn. O yes, yes, you deserve Sugar Plumbs; first for Your quarrelling with *Sir John*; then for discovering your Landlord; And lastly, for refusing to dine with your Mistress. All this is since the last Reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir Mart. Then why did my Landlord disguise himself, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have so little brains, that a penn'orth of Butter melted under 'um, would set 'um afloat: he put on that disguise, to rid you of your Rival.

Sir Mart. Why was not I worthy to keep your counsel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have drunk the secret down, and piss'd it out to the next company.

Sir Mart. Well, I find I am a miserable man: I have lost my Mistress, and may thank my self for it.

Warn. You'll not confess you are a Fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well, I am a Fool, if that will satisfy you: but What am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide

vide for you; as Hospitals are built for lame people, because they cannot help themselves.

Well; I have yet a Project in my pate.

Sir Mart. Dear Rogue, What is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: but while 'tis set a working,
You would do well to scrue your self into her
Fathers good opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my mind gives me I shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can possible.

————— *For Secrets are edg'd Tools,
And must be kept from Children and from Fools.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. III.

Enter Rose and Warner meeting.

Rose. **Y**OUR Worship's most happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladiship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you that —

Warn. I have that to tell you —

Rose. Understand then —

Warn. If you'll hear me —

Rose. I believe that —

Warn. I am of opinion that —

Rose. Prithee hold thy peace a little till I have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Mistress *Rose*, I'll not dispute your ancient priviledges of talking.

Rose. My Mistress, knowing *Sir John* was to be abroad upon business this afternoon, has ask'd leave to see a Play: and *Sir John* has so great a confidence of your Master, that he will trust no body with her, but him.

Warn. If my Master gets her out, I warrant her, he shall shew her a better Play than any is at either of the Houses — here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Old Moody, Mistress Millecent, and Lady Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

La. Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of Man is this *Sir Martin*, with whom you are to go?

La. A plain down-right Countrey Gentleman, I assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't.

For I hate one of those you call a Man o'th' Town,

One of those empty Fellows of meer outside:

They've nothing of the true old *English* Manlinefs.

Rose. I confess, Sir, a Woman's in a sad condition, that has nothing to trust to, but a Periwig above, and a well trim'd Shoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is *Sir John's* Friend, he is for your humor, Sir, he is no Man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of plainness.

Sir Mart. I, Madam, your Ladiship may say your pleasure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unluckie I could not see him first—

Sir Mart. But, as for Painting, Musick, Poetry, and the like, I'll say this of my self—

Warn. I'll say that for him, my Master understands none of 'um, I assure you, Sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent Rascal, hold your tongue: I must rid my hands of this Fellow; the Rogue is ever discrediting me before Company.

Mood. Never trouble your self about it, Sir, for I like a Man that—

Sir Mart. I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worse of me for his prating: for, though I do not boast of my own good parts—

Warn. He has none to boast of, upon my faith, Sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an opinion of more—

Warn. Of more than their flattery can make good, Sir—'tis true he tells you, they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conscience, he is the most downright simple natur'd Creature in the world.

Mart.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter Sirrah ; but I am sure in all Companies I pass for a *Virtuoso*.

Mood. *Virtuoso* ! What's that too ? Is not *Virtue* enough without *O so* ?

Sir Mart. You have Reason, Sir !

Mood. There he is again too ; the Town-phraze, a great Compliment I wifs ; You have Reason, Sir ; that is, You are no Beast, Sir.

Warn. A word in private, Sir ; You mistake this old Man ; he loves neither Painting, Musick, nor Poetry ; yet recover your self, if you have any brains.

Sir Mart. Say you so ? I'll bring all about again, I warrant you — I beg your pardon a thousand times, Sir ; I vow to Gad I am not Master of any of those perfections ; for in fine,

Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Musick, and Poetry ; Only some rude escapes — but, in fine, they are such, that,

In fine, Sir —

Warn. This is worse than all the rest. [aside.]

Mood. By Coxbones one word more of all this Gibberish, and old Madge shall flie about your ears : What is this *in fine* he keeps such a coil with too ?

Mill. 'Tis a Phraze *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in conversation now, as a whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midst of a discourse, for a thinking while.

Lx. In plain *Engliss*, *in fine*, is in the end, Sir.

Mood. But by Coxbones there is no end on't, methinks ; if thou wilt have a foolish word to lard thy lean discourse with, take an *Engliss* one when thou speakest *Engliss* ; as So Sir, and Then Sir, and So Forth ; 'Tis a more Manlie kind of Nonsense : and a Pox of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravelld, and I must help him out. [aside.]

Madam, there's a Coach at door to carry you to the Play.

Sir Mart. Which house do you mean to go to ?

Mill. The Dukes, I think.

Sir Mart. 'Tis a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the Kings.

Sir Mart. That's e'ne as bad.

Warn. This is past enduring.

There was an ill Play set up, Sir, on the Posts, but I can assure you the Bills are altered since you saw 'um, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houses.

Mood. But my Daughter loves serious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say she loves none but Tragedies.

Mood.

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, Sir?

Warn. Sir you forget your self, you never saw her in your life before.

Sir Mart. What not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? this is the impudentest Rascal.

Warn. Mum, Sir —

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! as I hope to be sav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I set eyes on her before this day — I with —

Mood. This Fellow is not so much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be discover'd for a Wit: this 'tis to over-act ones part!

Mood. Come away Daughter, I will not trust you in his hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd.

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you know your looks go to the heart of me; what have I done, besides a little *l'apin lingue*?

Warn. Why, who says you have done any thing, 'ar a meer Innocent.

Sir Mart. As the Child that's to be born in my intentions; if I know how I have offended my self any more than in one word —

Warn. But don't follow me however — I have nothing to say to you.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you to the worlds end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am resolv'd to lead you a Dance then. *[Exit running.]*

Sir Mart. The Rogue has no mercy in him, but I must mollifie him with Money. *[Exit.]*

Enter old La. Truly my little Cousin's the aptest Scholar, and takes out Loves lessons so exactly, that I joy to see it: she has got already the Bond of Two thousand Pounds seal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and so let him; *Mark Anthony* wooed not at so dear a price.

To her Cbr. O Madam, I fear I am breeding!

La. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any body?

Cbr. I have been venturing upon your foundations, a little to dis-temble.

La. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heaven has a blessing in store upon our endeavours.

Cbr. I feign'd my self sick, and kept my Bed; my Lord he came to visit me, and in the end I disclos'd it to him in the saddest passion.

La. This frighted him, I hope, into a study how to cloak your disgrace, lest he should have went to his Lady.

Cbr. 'Tis true; but all the while I subtly drove it, that he should name you to me as the fittest instrument of the concealment; but how to break it to you, strangely does perplex him: he has been seeking you all o'r the house; therefore I'll leave your Ladyship, for fear we should be seen together. *[Exit.]*

La.

Ls. Now I must play my part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, I have a Secret to impart.
A sad one too, and have no Friend to trust but only you.

Ls. Your Ladie, or your Children sick?

Lord. Not that I know.

Ls. You seem to be in health.

Lord. In body, not in mind.

Ls. Some scruple of Conscience, I warrant; my Chaplain shall resolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

Ls. O take heed of despair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there is no Medicine for this sickness, but only you;
your friendship's my safe Haven, else I am lost and shipwrack'd.

Ls. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I express it by sad sighs and groans,
Or drown it with my self in Seas of tears,
I should be happy, would, and would not tell.

Ls. Command whatever I can serve you in,
I will be faithful still to all your ends, provided they be just and virtuous.

Lord. That word has stop't me.

Ls. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then in obedience to your Commands, your Cousin is with Child.

Ls. Which Cousin?

Lord. Your Cousin *Christian's* here i'th' house.

Ls. Alas then she has stol'n a Marriage, and undone her self:
Some young Fellow, on my Conscience, that's a Beggar;
Youth will not be advis'd; well, I'll never meddle more with Girls;
One is no more assur'd of 'um than Grooms of Mules, they'll strike
when least one thinks on't: but pray your Lordship, what is her choice
then for an husband?

Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

Ls. Not married! 'tis impossible, the Girl does sure abuse you.
I know her Education has been such, the flesh could not prevail; therefore she does abuse you, it must be so.

Lord. Madam, not to abuse you longer, she is with Child, and I the
unfortunate Man who did this most unluckie act.

Ls. You! I'll never believe it.

Lord.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be serious how to hide her shame; I beg it here upon my knees.

La. Oh, oh, oh. —

Lord. Who's there? Who's there? help, help, help.

Enter two Women, Rose, Penelope.

1 Wom. O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 Wom. Whither?

1 Wom. To Heaven, God knows, to Heaven.

Rose. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 Wom. I lay, run to the Cabinet of Quintessence; *Gilbert's Water, Gilbert's Water.*

1 Wom. Now all the good Folks of Heaven look down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Rose. Open her mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour, pour, Where's the Spoon?

2 Wom. She stirs, she revives, merciful to us all, what a thing was this! speak, Ladie, speak.

La. So, so, so.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, How came this Fit?

Lord. With sorrow, Madam.

La. Now I am better: *Bess*, you have not seen me thus:

1 Wom. Heav'n forefend, that I should live to see you so agen.

La. Go, go, I'm prettie well; withdraw into the next Room, but be near, I pray, for fear of the worst. *[They go out.]*

— My Lord, sit down near me, I pray, I'll strive to speak a few words to you, and then to Bed, — nearer, my voice is faint —

My Lord, Heaven knows how I have ever lov'd you; and, Is this my Reward? Had you none to abuse but me in that unfortunate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to me than my life? this was not love to her, but an inveterate malice to poor me. Oh, oh. — *[Faints again.]*

Lord. Help, help, help.

All the Women again.

1 Wom. This Fit will carrie her: alas it is a Lecherie!

2 Wom. The Balsam, the Balsam!

1 Wom. No, no, the Chymistric Oil of Rosemarie: hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether she breaths, with your hand before her mouth.

Rose. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 Wom. Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of salvation!

2 Wom. Hold up your finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternitie. O the blessed Saints that hear me not, take her mortallie to them.

La. Enough; so, 'tis well, — withdraw, and let me rest awhile; onlie my dear Lord remain.

r Wom. Pray your Lordship keep her from swobbling. [*Ex. Women.*]

Lord. Here humble once again, I beg your pardon and your help.

La. Heaven forgive you, and I do: Stand up, my Lord and sit close by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordship win her soon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficultie.

La. I'm glad on't; it shew'd the Girl had some Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: but you Men are strange tempters, good my Lord, where was this wicked Act then first committed?

Lord. In an Out-room upon a Trunk.

La. Poor heart, what shift Love makes! Oh she does love you dearlie, though to her ruin! and then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waste Room, with a decal'd Bed in't.

La. Out upon that dark Room for deeds of darkness! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordships vigor: but you dealt gentle with the Girl. Well, you shall see I love you: for I will manage this business to both your advantages, by the assistance of Heaven I will; good my Lord help, lead me out. [*Exeunt.*]

Warner, Kite.

Rose. A mischief upon all Fools! do you think your Master has not done wisselle? first to mistake our old Mans humor, then to dispraise the Plays; and lastlie, to discover his acquaintance with my Mistress: my old Master has taken such a jealousy of him, that he will never admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou mak'st thy self a greater Fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help——I have been angry with him too, but these Friends have taken up the quarrel.——(*Shows Gold.*) Look you, he has sent these Mediators to mitigate your wrath: here are 20 of 'um have made a long Voyage from *Guinny* to kiss your hands: and when the Match is made, there are an 100 more in readines to be your humble Servants.

Rose. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'um; but I confesse it troubles me to see so loyal a Lover have the heart of an Emperor, and yet scarce the brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what device can we two beget betwixt us, to separate *Sir John Swallow* and thy Mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell; but I hate him worse than foul weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll see if my Project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Jointure I have heard you speak of?

Rose.

Rose. They lie within in three great Bags, some 20 Sheets of Paper in each bundle, with six lines in a Sheet: but there is a little Paper, where all the business lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canst thou help me to it?

Rose. By good chance he gave it to my castle, before he set out for London. You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; just now he sent for it.

Warn. So, this I will secure in my Pocket: when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad facts, and say, 'I was lost behind: by this means he must of necessity leave the Town, to see for it in Kent.'

Enter Sir John, Sir Martin, Mrs. Mill.

Sir John. 'Tis no matter, though the old Martin is suspicious. I knew the Story, all before hand, and since then you have fullio satisfied me of your true friendship to me. Whose are the Warnings?

Rose. Sir, I beg your pardon, I thought I had put 'um up amongst my Ladies things, and it seems in my haste I quite forgot 'um, and left 'um at Genterbury.

Sir John. This is horrible unluckie! Where do you think you left 'um?

Rose. Upon the great Box in my Ladies Chamber; they are safe enough I'm sure.

Sir John. It must be so — I must take Post immediately Madam, for some few days I must be absent; And to confirm you, Friend, how much I trust you, I leave the dearest pledge I have on earth, My Mistress, to your care.

Mill. If you love me, you would not take all occasions to leave me thus!

Warn. aside. Do, go to Kent, and when you come again, Here they are ready for you.

Sir Mart. What's that you have in your hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. Pox, What ill luck was this! What shall I say?

Sir Mart. Sometimes you've tongue enough, what, are you silent?

Warn. 'Tis an Accompt, Sir, of what Money you have lost since you came to Town.

Sir Mart. I'm verie glad on't: now I'll make you all see the severitie of my Fortune — give me the Paper.

Warn. Heaven! What does he mean to do? It is not fair writ out, Sir;

Sir John. Besides, I am in haste, another time, Sir.

Sir Mart. Pray, oblige me, Sir——'tis but one minute: all people love to be pity'd in their misfortunes, and so do I: will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Master!

Sir Mart. Dear Rascal! Am I Master or you? You Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it:—You cannot read my hand.

Sir Mart. This is ever his way, to be disparaging me,—but I'll let you see, Sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a trick in't, Sir.

Sir Mart. Is there so, Sirrah? but I'll bring you out of all your tricks with a vengeance to you. ———

[*Reads.*
How now! What's this? A true particular of the Estate of *Sir John Swallow Knight*, lying and scituate in, &c.

Sir John. This is the verie Paper I had lost: ——— [*Takes the Paper.*
I'm verie glad on't; It has sav'd me a most unwelcom journey, ———
But I will not thank you for the courtesie, which now I find you never did intend me——this is Confederacie, I smoke it now ———
Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a Wittie Man, this was the foolishhest part that ever I beheld. ——— [*Ex: Sir John, Millisent, and Rose.*

Sir Mart. I am a Fool, I must confess it, and I am the most miserable one without thy help, ——— but yet it was such a mistake, as anie man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir Mart. Prethee childe me! this indifferenc of thine, wounds me to the heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Will thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your hands; I have other business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner!

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolv'd I'll kill my self.

Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn. At your pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D'ye see, the Point's readie? Will you do nothing to save my life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewell, hard-hearted Warner.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed *Sir Martin.*

Sir Mart. Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you dispatch, Sir? Why all these Preambles?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hang'd first: I know thou wouldst have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copie of your countenance ; People in this Age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the easiness of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, Sir, ——— for this once I cast an eye of pitié on you, ——— but I must have Ten more in hand, before I can stir a foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true Gamester, I have lost all but these, ——— But if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to-morrow ; Once more look up, I bid you hope the best.

*Why should your Folly make your Love misferry,
Since Men first play the Fools, and then they marry?* [*Ex.*

A.C.T. IV.

Enter Sir Martin and Warner.

Sir Mart. **B**UT are they to be married this day in private, say you ?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private ?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the designs upon her ; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian Mopsey.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my heart already ; in fine, I am a dead man.

—— *Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your wayes, I'll trie what may be done. Look if he will stir now ? your Rival and the old man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir Mart. Thou can'st not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twentie Pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out, trust to my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the least grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a saucie masterlie Companion, and so I leave you. [*Ex.*

Warn. Help, help, good People, murder, murder !

Enter

the People of your countenance: People of your countenance: People of your countenance:

Enter Sir John and Mood.

Sir John and Moody. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am down, I am down, I am down for ever.

Mood. Who has us, & thee to?

Warn. The Rogue my Master.

Sir John. What was the offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at Play; I meant him nothing but well, Heaven knows, and he, in a cursed damn'd humor, would needs revenge his losses upon me; A' kick'd me, took away my Money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his hands—

Mood. By Cox now, it was an ill natur'd part, nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to Gads, and in Fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry quittance with him: he had engag'd me to get Mrs. Milliscent your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Boobie, an overgrown Oase, a conceited Bartlemew.—

Sir John. Prithee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'st my Service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, Sir; and so much the rather, that I may spite him with it.—This was the most propitious Fate.—

Mood. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scanderbag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one word more of this Gibberish, and I'll set you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my doors.—

Sir John. Nay, pray Father.

Warn. Good old Sir be pacified, I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir John. His Fellow is come in a happier hour, for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time we may have an eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you please, I'll wait upon her till she's ready, and then bring her to what Church you shall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'll find she'll hang an Ass, and be verie loth to come along with you, and therefore I had best stay behind, and bring her my self.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, Sir, she knows nothing of my

my being turn'd away: So I'll come to her as from *Sir Martin* and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better Angel —

Mood. By th' mells 'twas well thought on: well Son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a Dish or two at Disner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Surrah — May you here — till my return.

[*Ex. Sir John and Mood.*]

Warn. solus. Was there ever such a luckie Rogue as I? I had always a good opinion of my Wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gain'd an opportunity to carry away *Miss* *Moody* for my Master, to get his *Miss* by means of his Rival, to receive all his happiness, where he could expect nothing but misery: after this Exploit, I will have *Lilli* draw me in the habit of a Hero, with a Laurel on my temples and an inscription below it, *Thou art Warner, the flower of Sarcasm*.

[*Enter Messenger.*]

Mess. Pray do me the favor to help me to the speech of Mr. *Moody*.

Warn. What's your business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to him.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the corner of the next Street, and bid me give this in your own hands.

Mood. Swy Friend, full I have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, & requir'd no Answer.

[*Ex. Mess.*]

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a stranger to give you counsel: some young Gallants have good intelligence, that this day you intend privately to marry your Daughter to rich heirs; and in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed themselves round her going on: therefore put it off, if you will avoid mischief, and be advised by*

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when I saw in fine there; there are some Papishes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no Englishmen, but some of your French Outalian Rogues; I owe him thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't.

Warn. no Wedding to day. *Warn*.

Warn. Why, What's the matter, Sir?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'll keep my daughter at home this afternoon, and a fig for all these Outalians. [*Ex. Mood.*]

Warn.

Warn. So, here's another trick of Fortune as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock sure, and then to be Back-gammon'd: it must needs be the Devil that writ this Letter; he ow'd my Master a spite, and has paid him to this purpose; and here he comes as merrie too, he little thinks [*Enter Sir Martin laughing*] what misfortune has befall'n him, and for my part I am aham'd to tell him.

Sir Mart. Warner, such a Jest, *Warner*.

Warn. What a Mountain is the matter, *Sir*? [*Laughs again.*]
Where lies this Jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my laugh, and I'll tell thee. [*Laughs again.*]

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou shalt no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy Projects, and discover thy Designs; for I have play'd such a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-wit, ('tis true, I am hastie sometimes, and so do harm; but when I have a mind to shew my self, there's no Man in England, though I say't, comes near me as to point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, *Sir*, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was posses'd with a terrible fear, that my Mistress should be married: Well, thought I to my self, and must ring up all the Forces of my Wit, to produce such a Stratagem.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feign'd a Letter as from an unknown Friend to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his Daughter went out this afternoon, she would infallibly be snapt by some young Fellow that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Verie good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I sent assures me, that in that verie nick of time my Letter came; her Father was just sending her abroad with a verie foolish rascallie Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a' gods name? could you do this wonderful Miracle without your Soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee Man I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own brain; how long would it have been, e'r thou could'st have thought of such a Project? *Martin* said to his Man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn.

Warn. Who's the Fool ? Why who use to be the Fool ? he that ever was since I knew him, and will ever be so !

Sir Mart. What a Pox ? I think thou art grown envious, not one word in my commendations ?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my skill is too little to praise you, as you deserve ; but if you would have it according to my poor ability, You are one that had a knock in your Cradle, a conceited Lack-wit, a Designing-ass, a Hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded Busic-brain, with an eternal Wind-mill in it ; this, in short, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir Mart. But what the Devil have I done, to set you thus against me ?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the foolish rascally Fellow that was with Moody, and your Worship was he to whom I was to bring his daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this ? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no Conjuror.

Will you go Sir ?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my justifications ?

Warn. Shall I see the back of you ? speak not a word in your defence. [Shoves him.]

Sir Mart. This is the strangest luck now— [Exit.]

Warn. I'm resolv'd this Devil of his shall never weary me, I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spite of his folly. Let me see——

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is—I must venture on him, for the tyranny of this old Lady is unsupportable, since I have made her my Confident, there passes not an hour, but she passes a pull at my Purse-strings ; I shall be ruin'd if I do not quit my self of her suddenly : I find now, by sad experience, that a Mistress is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and insignificant : Mr. *Warner* ! have you a mind to do your self a courtesie, and me another ?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the question need not be much disputed, for I have alwayes had a great service for your Lordship, and some little kindness for my self.

Lord. What if you should propose Mistress *Christian* as a Wife to your Master ? You know he's never like to compass t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that my Lord——

Lord. 500 l. are yours at the day of marriage.

Warn. 500 l. 'tis true, the temptation is very sweet, and powerful ; the Devil, I confess, has done his part, and many a good Murder and Treason have been committed at a cheaper rate ; but yet——

Lord. What yet——

F

Warn.

Warn. To confess the truth, I am resolv'd to bestow my Master up-on that other Ladie (as difficult as your Lordship thinks it) for the honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the same to your Lordship, were she married to anie other?

Lord. The verie same.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to dissemble with you anie longer, I know where it is that your shoe wrings you: I have observ'd something in the house, betwixt some parties that shall be nameless: and know that you have been taking up linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at anie Drapers in Town.

Lord. I see I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Ladie, whom Hell confound, she is the greatest Jill in Nature, Cheat is her Studie, all her joy to cozen, she loves nothing but her self, and draws all lines to that corrupted centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late: first, I'll undertake I n'er enjoy'd her Neece under the rate of 500 l. a time; never was Womans flesh held up so high: everie night I find out for a new Maidenhead, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother Temple, Bennet, or Gifford, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have when she's brought to Bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it; then cram'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the grease, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from Sbatling, and La-fronds, with New-River, clearer by six-pence the Pound, than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife—Drie-Nurse—Wet-Nurse—and all the rest of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Babie-clouts, and Bearing-cloaths—Poffets, Caudels, Broth, Jellies, and Gravies; and behind all these, Glifters, Suppositers, and a barbarous Potheccaries Bill, more inhumane than a Tailors.

Lord. I swear to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a short time you shall know more; yonder appears a young Ladie whom I must needs speak with, please you go in and prepare the old Ladie, and your Mistress.

Lord. Good luck, and 500 l. attend thee.

[Exit.]

Enter Milliscent and Rose above.

Mill. I am resolv'd I'll never marrie him!

Rose. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But, how to hinder it, I cannot possible tell? For my Father presses me to it, and will take no denial: Wou'd I knew some way—

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the verie nearest, for I have just now found it out.

Rose. Are you there, Mr. Littleplot?

Warn.

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, *Rose*, by my diligence for thy Ladie; I stand here, methinks, just like a Wooden Mercury, to point her out the way to Matrimonie.

Rose. Or, Serving man-like, readie to carrie up the hot meat for your Master, and then to fall upon the cold your self.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I shall find warm Work on't: in the first place, then I must acquaint you, that I have seeminglie put off my Master, and entred my self into *Sir John's* service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base—— [*Enter Mood.*

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what luck's here!

Mood. How now, *Sirrah*? are you so great there alreadie?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was onlie teaching my young Ladie a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready fair Lady to Night,

And stand at the Dove below,

For I will be there

To receive you with care,

And to your true Love you shall go.

Mood. Ods bobs this is verie prettie.

Mill. I, so, is the Ladie's Answer too, if I could but hit on't.

SINGS.

And when the Stars twinkle so bright,

Then down to the Dove will I creep,

To my Love will I flye,

E're the jealous can spye,

And leave my old Daddy asleep.

Mood. Bodikins I like not that so well, to cosen her old Father; it may be my own case another time.

Rose. Oh Madam! Yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber, to avoid the sight of him as long as I can,

can; Lord! that my old doting Father should throw me away upon such an Ignoramus, and deny me to such a Wit as *Sir Martin*.

[*Ex. Mill and Rose from above.*

Mood. O Son! here has been the most villainous Tragedy against you.

Sir John. What Tragedy? has there been any blood shed since I went?

Mood. No blood shed, but, as I told you, a most damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sawce! if I say it is a Tragedy, it shall be a Tragedy, in spite of you, teach your Grandam how to piss—what—I hope I am old enough how to spout English with you, Sir?

Sir John. But what was the reason you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mistress Bride; an' if she had stir'd out of doors, there were Whipsters abroad, i'faith, Padders of Maidenheads, that would have truss'd her up, and pick'd the lock of her affections, e'er a man could have said, what's this? but by good luck I had warning of it by a Friends Letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all such dangers is easie, you may send for a Parson, and have the business dispatch'd at home.

Mood. A match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of battel. [*Ex.*

Sir John. Now I think on't, this Letter must needs come from *Sir Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my life, to hinder our marriage.

Warn. I see, Sir, you'll still mistake him for a Wit; but I am much ceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, Sir, I do not love to make a breach betwixt persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seem'st to imply, that my Mistress was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? do you not know she ever lov'd him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? You may make your self miserable, if you please, by such a marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her virtue will secure me.

Warn. Her virtue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, Sir, I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes, in my conscience, is she; for *Sir Martin*'s tongue's no flander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which for my part I do not, he has in a manner confess'd it to me.

Sir

Sir John. Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your self, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lye.

Sir John. But how shall I be 'sur'd 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married, you'll soon make trial, whether she be a Maid or no?

Sir John. I do not love to make that Experiment at my own cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. I, but they have so many tricks to cheat a man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter through all Generations, there's no keeping a Lock for that Door for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for example, their drawing up their breaths with oh! You hurt me, can you be so cruel? then the next day she steals a Visit to her Lover, that did you the courtesie beforehand, and in private tells him how she cozen'd you; twenty to one but she takes out another Lesson with him to practise the next night.

Sir John. All this while miserable I must be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well if you escape so; for commonly he strikes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a Friend that stays behind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. I, there's your man, Sir; besides, he will be sure to watch your haunts, and tell her of them, that if occasion be, she may have where-withall to recriminate: at least she will seem to be jealous of you, and who would suspect a jealous Wife?

Sir John. All manner of wayes I am most miserable.

Warn. But if she be not a Maid when you marry her, she may make a good Wife afterwards, 'tis but imagining you have taken such a mans Widow.

Sir John. If there were all; but the man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of those that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir John. I, the same thing they took up before.

Warn. The truth is, an honest simple Girl that's ignorant of all things, maketh the best Matrimony; there is such a pleasure in instructing her, the best is, there's not one Duncie in all the Sex, such a one with a good Fortune

Sir John. I, but where is she, *Warner*?

Warn. Near enough; but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir John. Engag'd to one that hath given me the earnest of Cuckoldom beforehand?

Warn.

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Christian* here in the house?
There's 5000 l. and a better peny.

Sir John. I, but is she Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the Wise Virgins, I can assure you.

Sir John. Dear *Warner*, step into the next Room, and inveigle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember, above all things, you keep this Wooing secret; if he takes the least Wind, old *Moody* will be sure to hinder it.

Sir John. Dost thou think I shall get her Aunts consent?

Warn. Leave that to me.

[*Ex. Warn.*]

Sir John. How happie a Man shall I be, if I can but compass this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the Revenge too is sweet, to steal a Wife under her Fathers nose, and leave 'um in the lurch who has abus'd me: Well, such a Servant, as this *Warner*, is a Jewel.

Enter Warner and Mrs. Christian to him.

Warn. There she is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

Sir John. Sweet Mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Cbr. Trulie you are too good to wait on me.

Sir John. And in the condition of a Suitor.

Cbr. As how, forsooth?

Sir John. To be so happie as to marrie you.

Cbr. O Lord, I would not marrie for anie thing!

Sir John. Why? 'tis the honest end of Woman-kind.

Cbr. Twentie Years hence, forsooth: I would not lie in Bed with a Man for a World; their Beards it will so prickle one.

Sir John. Pah, — What an innocent Girl it is, and verie Child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd; for so I shall make her what I list, and mould her as I will; Lord! her innocencie makes me laugh my cheeks all wet. Sweet Ladie —

[*Aside.*]

Cbr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir John. Well then, sweet Mistress, if I get your Friends consent, shall I have yours?

Cbr. My old Ladie may do what she will, forsooth, but by my trulie, I hope she will have more care of me, than to marrie me yet; Lord blefs me, What should I do with a Husband?

Sir John. Well, Sweet-heart, then instead of Wooing you, I must Wooe my old Ladie.

Cbr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Ladie is married already: crie you mercie, forsooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir John. Happie in that Title onlie to make you Ladie.

Cbr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Ladie, it makes Folks proud, and so humerous, and so ill Huswifes, forsooth.

Sir

Sir John. Pah, — She's a Babie, the simplest thing that ever yet I knew, the happiest Man I shall be in the World ; for should I have my Wish, it should be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my Wish it is absolv'd.

Enter Ladie Dupe.

La. Dupe. By your leave, Sir : I hope this noble Knight will make you happie, and you make him.

Chr. What should I make him ?

[*sighing.*

La. Dupe. Marrie, you shall make him happie in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not Marrie, Madam.

La. Dupe. You Fool !

Sir John. Pray, Madam, let me speak with you, on my Soul 'tis the pretti'st innocent'st thing in the World.

La. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, she knows little besides her Work, and her Prayers ; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir John. Deal gentle with her, dear Madam.

La. Dupe. Come, *Christian*, Will not you marrie this noble Knight ?

Chr. Yes, Yes, Yes.

[*sobbingly.*

La. Dupe. Sir, it shall be to night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowrie beyond all price.

[*Ex. Old Ladie, and Mrs. Christian.*

Enter Sir Martin, and Sir John, musing.

Sir Mart. You are verie melancholic, methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs. *Millifew* lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir John. My heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me, would you have me imagine you do not love her ?

Sir John. Love her ! Why should you think me such a Sot ? love a Prostitute, and infamous Person !

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good *Sir John*.

Sir John. You see I am no verie obstinate Rival, I leave the Field free to you : go on, Sir, and pursue your good Fortune, and be as happie as such a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me ; but I must tell you, Sir, I will not suffer my Divinitie to be prophan'd by such a tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it, what'er I say, I can quote my Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, Whoever told it you, ly'd in his throat, d'you see,

see, and deeper than that d'ye see, in his Stomach, and his Guts d'ye see : tell me she's a common person ! he's a Son of a Whore that said it, and make him eat his words, though he spoke 'em in a Privie-house.

Sir John. What if *Warner* told me so ? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent Judge in such a business,

Sir Mart. Did that precious Rascal say it ?—Now I think on't, I'll not believe you : in fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the ghost under my fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his ears upon the spot, if he does not stand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in Pudding-time to resolve the question : come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your hand at the Bar of Justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir ?

Sir Mart. Thou spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in lyes !

Warn. A verie fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy venom upon such a Saint as *Mrs. Millsent*, to traduce her virtue, and say it was adulterate ?

Warn. Not guiltie, my Lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr. Rascal ! have you forgot what you said but now concerning *Sir Martin*, and *Mrs. Millsent* ? I'll stop the lye down your throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir Mart. Say you so ! are you there agen i faith ?

Warn. Pray pacifie your self, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own devising.

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horse-pox t'ye, I'll understand none of it ; tell me in plain *English* the truth of the business : for an' you were my own Brother, you should pay for it : belie my Mistress ! What a Pox d'ye think I have no sense of honor ?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye ? either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my heels, and be gone.

Sir Mart. Stop Thief there ! What did you think to scape the hand of Justice ?

[Lays bold on him.

The best on't is, Sirrah, your heels are not altogether so nimble as your tongue.

[Beats him.

Warn. Help ! Murder ! Murder !

Sir Mart. Confess, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your hands, I think the Devil's in you,—I tell you 'tis a device of mine.

Sir

Sir Mart. And have you no body to devise it on but my Mistress, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your anger, good *Sir Martin*.

Sir Mart. By your patience, Sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, Sir, by your favor, to beat him in my presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one, i'faith, your presence shall hinder me from beating my own Servant?

Warn. O Traytor to all sense and reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An' I had a mind to beat him to Mummie, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present I must tell you he's mine, Sir.

Sir Mart. Hey day! here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are just upon the brink of a Precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou meanest now? — ah Lord! my mind mis-gives me I have done some fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [Aside.]

Warn. There's no making him understand me!

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lye; I say he is my Man.

Sir John. Pray remember your self better; did not you turn him away for some fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his back before he went?

Sir Mart. The Devil of any fault; or any black and blue that I remember: either the Rascal put some trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O, ho, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away, were pure invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damn'd a Lye. —

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir, good Wits, you know, have bad memories.

Sir John. No, no, Sir, that shall not serve your turn, you may return when you please to your old Master, I give you a fair discharge, and a glad Man I am to be so rid of you: were you thereabouts i'faith? what a Snake I had entertain'd into my bosom? Fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I advise you. [Exit Sir John.]

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you stand! as you were nip'd i' th' head: have you done any new piece of folly, that makes you look so like an Ass?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of Gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee.

[Holds the Gold afar off trembling.

Warn.

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deserve so great a liberality; I confess if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly destroy'd all my projects, then it might ha' bin expected, that 10 or 20 pieces should have been offer'd by way of recompence or satisfaction—

Sir Mart. Nay, on'you be so full o'your Flowts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the meaning of your signs and tokens, an'you go to that?

Warn. You are no As then?

Sir Mart. Well, Sir, to do you service, d'ye see, I am an As in a fair way; will that satisfie you?

Warn. For this once, produce those three Pieces, I am contented to receive that inconsiderable tribute; or make 'em fix, and I'll take the fault upon my self.

Sir Mart. Are we Friends then? if we are, let me advise you.—

Warn. Yet advising——

Sir Mart. For no harm, good *Warner*: but pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the business, instruct me in every point, and then if I discover all, I am resolv'd to give over affairs, and retire from the world.

Warn. Agreed, it shall be so; but let us now take breath awhile, Then on again.

*For though we had the worst, whose hearts were past,
We'll whip and spur, and fetch him up at last.*

[*Ex.*]

A C T. V.

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Mrs. Christian, Rose and Warner.

Lord. **Y**our promise is admirably made good to me; that *Sir John Swallow* should be this night married to *Mrs. Christian*; instead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moby*.

Warn. I cannot help these ebbs and flows of Fortune.

Ld. Dupe. I am sure my Niece suffers most in it; he's come off to her with a cold Compliment of a mistake in his Mistress's virtue, which he has now found out, by your Masters folly; to be a Plot of yours to separate them.

Chr. To be forsaken when a woman has given her consent!

Lord. 'Tis the same scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards slighted.

Rose. You are a sweet Youth, Sir, to use my Lady so, when she depended

pended on you; Is this the Faith of a *Valet de Chambre*? I would be ashamed to be such a dishonour to my Profession; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruin'd by your good example.

Warn. As how my dear Lady Embassadress?

Rose. Why, they say the women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: so if you play fast and loose, not a Gallant will bribe us for our good wills; the gentle *Guiny* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to steal into our hands at the Stair-foor, as into Mr. Doctors at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your promise.

La. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my Mistress go to Bed a Maid to night. —

Warn. Hey-dey! You are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankers, call in all your debts together; there's no possibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

La. Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with false money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank tricks with us, and fall to your business in good earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will *Rose*; for, to confess the truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one cure for all your diseases, that is, that my Master may marry Mrs. *Millisent*, for then *Sir John Swallow* will of himself return to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking time. In the first place, get a Warrant and Bailiffs to arrest *Sir John Swallow* upon a promise of Marriage to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

La. Dupe. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladiship in the least, Madam — for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us.

[*Ex. Lord, Lady Dupe, Mill. Chr.*]

Warn. Rose, where's thy Lady?

Mill. What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great work of projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my thanks when the work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Master.

Mill. If he should prove a Fool after all your crying up his Wit, I shall be a miserable woman.

Warn. A Fool! that were a good jest i' faith: but how comes your Ladiship to suspect it?

Rose. I have heard, Madam, your greatest Wits have ever a touch of madness and extravagance in them, so perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than Wit and Follie, yet like East and West, they may meet in a point, and produce actions that are but a hairs breadth from one another.

Rose. I'll undertake he has wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole day together: he's a most Comical person.

Mill. For all this I will not swear he is no Fool; he has still discovered all your Plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your Machivilians, they draw their designs so subtle, that their very fineness breaks them.

Mill. However I'm resolv'd to be on the sure side, I will have certain proof of his wit before I marrie him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a sure sign of wit, he neglects his outward parts; besides, he speaks *French*, sings, dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, say you?

Warn. Most divinelie, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more, then let him give me a Serenade immediatelie; but let him stand in the view, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He shall do't Madam: but how, the Devil knows — for he sings like a Scritch-Owl, and never touch'd the Lute.

Mill. You'll see't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but retard our enterprize.

Mill. Either let him do't, or see me no more.

Warn. Well, it shall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him news from the *East-Indies*.

Warn. What concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Bastard Son there, whom he loved extremelie: but not having any news from him these many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects within these three dayes.

Warn. When did he see him last?

Mill. Not since he was seven Years old.

Warn. A sudden thought comes into my head, to make him appear before his time; let my Master pass for him, and by that means he may come into the house unsuspected by her Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you — make haste — I must retire a little.

Rose. I'll instruct him most rarelie, he shall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do with a Serenade?

Warn.

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-plus'd on the sudden, but a warm consolation from thy lips, *Rose*, would set my wits a working again.

Rose. Adieu, *Warner*.

[*Ex. Rose.*

Warn. Inhumane *Rose*, adieu.

Blockhead *Warner*, into what a *Premunire* hast thou brought thy self; this 'tis to be so forward to promise for another—but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promise and vow he should do any thing like a Christian.—

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. Why, how now Bullie, in a Brown Studie? for my good I warrant it; there's five shillings for thee, what, we must encourage good Wits sometimes.

Warn. Hang your white pelf: sure, Sir, by your largess you mistake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-Maker, your covetousness has offend-ed my Muse, and quite dull'd her.

Sir Mart. How angrie the poor Devil is? *in fine*, thou art as cho'e-rick as a Cook by a Fire-side.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual discharging my Wit: 'liffe, Sir, I have rarifi'd my brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do something for your self like a Man, I have en-gag'd you shall give to your Mistress a Serenade in your proper person: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't man.

Warn. You never learn't, I do not think you know one stop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, Sir, I'll play as fast as I can, and never stop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool I see; get up into your window, and set two Candles by you, take my Landlords Lute in your hand, and fumble on't, and make grimaces with your mouth, as if you sung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and consequentlie your Mistress, who will come to her Balconie over against you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a man before-hand what he must do; Gramercie i' faith Boy, now if I fail thee —

Warn. About your business then, your Mistress and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the sign with the Bell when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barbers shop.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Milliscent, Rose, with a Candle by 'em above.

Rose. We shall have rare Musick.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the Knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Musick, Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my ears and eyes are witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis night, Madam, and you cannot see 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employ'd with that same Seaman, and I have set Mrs. *Christian* to watch their discourse, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithall to instruct his Master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Rose. Not in the least, for my old Lady has provided two rare disguises for the Master and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Rose. And see, Madam, where your true Knight *Sir Martin* is, plac'd yonder like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his hand, and his Rays about his head.

Sir Martin appears at the adverse Window, a Tune play'd, when it is done, Warner rings, and Sir Martin holds.

Did he not play most excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well, and yet methinks he held his Lute but un-
wardly.

Rose. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

THE SONG.

B Lind Love to this hour
Had never like me, a Slave under his power.
Then blest be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded with Love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights;
From my heart still I sigh,
And my eyes are ne'r dry,
So that Cupid be prais'd,
I am to the top of Love's happiness rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire,
 So that I have the pleasure to dote and desire,
 Such a pretty soft pain,
 That it tickles each vein,
 'Tis the dream of a smart,
 Which makes me breathe short when it beats at my heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
 When I am despir'd, I my freedom would get;
 But straight a sweet smile
 Does my anger beguile,
 And my heart does recall,
 Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
 Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry ones heart;
 For many may wish
 To be wounded and mist:
 Then blest be Loves fire,
 And more blest her eyes that first taught me desire.

The Song being done, Warner rings agen; but Sir Martin continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.

Mill. A pretty humor'd Song — but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him. — Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the fruits on't.

Warn. peeping. Death! this abominable Fool will spoil all agen. Dam him, he stands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his Mistress, that he hears me not. [Rings agen.

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now as I live and breathe, this is pleasant, Rose, — his Man play'd and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over. [Mill. and Rose laugh.

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would split their sides. Why Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your names?

Mill. Sir Martin, Sir Martin, take your Mans counsel; and keep time with your Musick.

Sir Mart. peeping. Hah! what do you say, Madam? how does your Ladship like my Musick?

Mill. O most heavenly! just like the harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired; and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all, by your not leaving off in time.

Sir

Sir Mart. What the Devil wou'd you have a Man do, when my hand is in ! well, o' my conscience, I think there is a fate upon me.

[*Noise within.*

Mill. Look, *Rose*, what's the matter.

Rose. 'Tis *Sir John Swallow*, pursu'd by the Bayliffs, Madam, according to our Plot ; it seems they have dog'd him thus late to his lodging.

Mill. That's well ! for though I begin not to love this Fool ; yet I am glad I shall be rid on him.

[*Ex. Mill. Rose.*

Enter Sir John, pursu'd by three Payliffs over the Stage.

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all agen, my Mistress shall see my Valor, I'm resolv'd on't, Villains, Rogues, Poultrons ! what ? three upon one ? *in fine*, I'll be with you immediately.

[*Ex.*

Warn. Why, Sir, are you stark mad ? have you no grain of sense left ? he's gone ! now is he as earnest in the quarrel, as Cokes among the Puppets ; 'tis to no purpose, whatever I do for him.

[*Ex. Warner.*

Enter Sir John and Sir Martin (having driven away the Bayliffs) Sir Martin flourisheth his Sword.

Sir Mart. *Victoria ! Victoria !* what heart, *Sir John*, you have received no harm, I hope ?

Sir John. Not the least, I thank you Sir for your timely assistance, which I will requite with any thing but the resigning of my Mistress. — Dear *Sir Martin*, a good night.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in, *Sir John*.

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs. *Millesent* without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be Arrested for ?

Sir John. I know no more than you ; some little debts, perhaps, I left unpaid by my negligence : once more good night, Sir.

[*Ex.*

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful Fellow ; and so *in fine*, I shall tell him when I see him next — Monsieur —

[*Enter Warner.*

Warner. A propos ! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in sight of my Mistress ; Boy, I have charm'd her, i'faith, with my Valor.

Warn. I, just as much as you did e'n now with your Musick ; go, you are so beastly a Fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your face, Sir ; call a Man of Honor Fool, when I have just atchieved such an enterprize — Gad now my blood's up, I am a dangerous person, I can tell you that, *Warner*.

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir

Sir Mart. I grant I am no Musician, but you must allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravelie; and, *in fine*, I am come off unhurt, save only a little scratch i'th'head.

Warn. That's impossible, thou hast a Scull so thick, no Sword can pierce it; but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the fruits of your Valor: You rescu'd your Rival when he was to be arrested, on purpose to take him off from your Mistress.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the Fate of ingenious men; nothing thrives they take in hand. [Enter Rose.

Rose. *Sir Martin*, You have done your business with my Ladie, she'll never look upon you more; she says, she's so well satisfied of your Wit Courage, that she will not put you to any further trial.

Sir Mart. *Warner*, is there no hopes, *Warner*?

Warn. None that I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpose.

Rose. Yet if he had some golden Friends that would engage for him the next time——

Sir Mart. Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter into Bonds for me.

Rose. I'll take their Royal words for once. [She fetches a disguise.

Warn. The meaning of this, dear *Rose*.

Rose. 'Tis in pursuance of thy own invention, *Warner*; a child which thy wit hath begot upon me: but let us lose no time, help! help! dress thy Master, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody's* Bastard, and thou his, come from the *East-Indies*.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock-it—now we shall have *Rose's* device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Rose. Old *Moody*, you must know, in his younger Years, when he was a *Cambridge* Scholar, made bold with a Townsmans daughter there, by whom he had a Bastard, whose name was *Anthony*, whom you, *Sir Martin*, are to represent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: but pray go on, *Rose*.

Rose. This child in his Fathers time he durst not own, but bred him privatelie in the Isle of *Ely*, till he was seven Years old, and from thence sent him with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant for the *East-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memorie, Sir?

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee any thing, thou think'st I am good for nothing.

Rose. *Bonaventure* dy'd at *Surat* within two Years, and this *Anthony* has liv'd up and down in the *Moguls* Countrey, unheard of by his Father till this night, and is expected within these three dayes: now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the house, and make an end of all the business before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn. But hold, *Rose*, there's one considerable Point omitted; what was his Mothers name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her name was *Dorothy*, daughter to one *Draw-water* a Vintner at the *Rose*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Lesson? *Anthony Moody*, born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Isle of *Ely*, sent into the *Moguls* Countrey at seven Years old with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who died within two Years; your Mothers name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintners daughter at the *Rose*.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem* — what do'st think I'm a Sot? but stay a little, how have I liv'd all this while in that same Countrey?

Warn. What Countrey? — Pox, he has forgot already —

Rose. The *Moguls* Countrey.

Sir Mart. I, I, the *Moguls* Countrey! what the Devil, any man may mistake a little, but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the *Moguls* Countrey? he's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there, no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old man, I'll bring your business about again with my Mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the door, I'll go tell the old man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errors. —

Sir Mart. Hang 'em, they were only slips of Youth — how peremptoric and domineering this Rogue is! how he sees I have need of his service: would I were out of his power again, I would make him lie at my feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, Sir John, Lord, Lady Dupe, Millisent, Christian, Rose.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? which is he?

Rose. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I see thee again before I die? welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear Father, I know it is you by instinct; for methinks I am as like you as if I were spit out of your mouth.

Rose. Keep it up I beseech your Lordship. [Aside to the Lord.

Lord. He's wondrous like indeed.

La. Dupe. The very image of him.

Mood. *Anthony*, you must salute all this Company: this is my Lord *Durmouth*, this my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Christian*.

Sir Mart. And that's my Sister, methinks I have a good resemblance of her too: honest Sister, I must needs kiss you Sister. [He salutes them;]

Warn.

Warn. This Fool will discover himself, I foresee it already by his carriage to her.

Mood. And now *Anthony*, pray tell's a little of your Travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth Father, but I have such a natural affection for my Sister, that methinks I could live and die with her: give me thy hand sweet Sister.

Sir John. She's beholding to you, Sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be Sir, what's that to you Sir?

Sir John. I hope, Sir, I have not offended you.

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you see I have no mind to satisfy you, Sir: what a Devil! a man cannot talk a little to his own flesh and blood, but you must be interposing with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*, this Gentleman is to marry your Sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my Sister? odds foot, Sir, there are some Bastards that shall be nameless, that are as well worthie to marry her, as any man, and have as good blood in their veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, Sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best course, Sir; you marry my Sister? what have you seen of the world, Sir? I have seen your Hurricano's, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an' you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You must excuse my Master, the Sea's a little working in his brain, Sir.

Sir Mart. And your Prester *Jobus* o'th' *East-Indies*, and your Great Turk of *Rome* and *Persia*.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins it makes me weep for joy; but, *Anthony*, you must not bear your self too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray Brother be civil to this Gentleman for my sake.

Sir Mart. For your sake, Sister *Millisent*, much may be done, and here I kiss your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again stupiditie?

Mill. Nay, pray Brother hands off, now you are too rude.

Sir Mart. Dear Sister, as I am a true *East-India* Gentleman—

Mood. But pray Son *Anthony*, let us talk of other matters, and tell me trulie, had you not quite forgot me? and yet I made woundie much of you when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but yesterday: a fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old Gentleman, as ever I saw in all my life.

Warn. aside. Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at Cambridge.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up ?

Sir Mart. O yes, Sir, most perfectlie, in the Isle — stay — let me see, oh — now I have it — in the Isle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Isle of *Ely*, sure you mean ?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir, but this damn'd Isle of *Silly* runs in 's head ever since his Sea Voyage.

Mood. And your Mother's name was — come, pray, let me examine you — for that I'm sure you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. *Warner* ! What was it *Warner* ?

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if she were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her ?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you speak, Sirrah ?

Sir Mart. Her name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if this be not some Cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born ?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an University, but *Cambridge* for my money.

Mood. Hold your tongue you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectlie as if it were but yesterday.

Warn. How I swear for him ! he's remembring ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *East-Indies* ?

Sir Mart. *Warner* !

Warn. 'Twas a happie thing, Sir, you lighted upon so honest a Merchant as Mr. *Bonsaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Saweie Rascal ! this is past all sufferance.

Rose. We are undone *Warner*, if this discourse go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pitie o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd so many Questions.

Sir John. These are Rogues, Sir, I plainlie perceive it ; pray let me ask him one question — which way did you come home, Sir ?

Sir Mart. We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Persia*, from *Persia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir John. And from thence, over the Narrow Seas on Horseback.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now, but some shall smoke for't.

Stay a little *Anthony*, I'll be with you presentlie. [*Ex Mood.*

Warn. That wicked old man is gone for no good, I'm afraid, would I were fairlie quit of him. [*Aside.*

Mill, aside. Tell me no more of *Sir Martin*, *Rose*, he wants natural sense, to talk offer this rate ; but for this *Warner*, I am strangeli taken with him, how handsomeli he brought him off !

Enter

Enter Moody with two Cudgels.

Mood. Among half a score tough Cudgels I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of these two as best able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* must be beaten now for all his wit, would I could bear it for him.

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your Worship, and in the next, for this *East-India* Apostle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his designs, I know he is not—

Warn. Who, I this Accomplice? I beseech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a Counterfeit; I assure you, he has cozen'd me in the first place.

Sir John. That's likeliest, I faith, cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to him, he took me up but yesterday, and told me the Storie word for word as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the Rogues wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou would'st have me believe thee; take one of these two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my heart:

Mood. Out you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impostor! do you come hither to cozen an honest man?

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lye to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *East-India*?

Sir Mart. Hold you inhumane Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir Mart. The Rogue will murder me. [*Ex. Sir Mart.*]

Mood. A fair yiddance of 'em both: let's in and laugh at 'em. [*Ex.*]

Enter again Sir Martin, and Warner.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an Affront put upon a man, to be

beaten by his Servant?

Warn. After my hearty salutations upon your back-side, Sir, may a man have leave to ask you, what news from the *Mogul's* Country?

Sir

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the Impudence to move such a question to me, knowing how thou hast us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may see what comes of your indiscretion and stupidity: I alwayes gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to pass it by without more words, partlie, because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Dost thou think to carrie it off at this rate, after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank your self for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your Accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your Mistress: no more words of this business, I advise you, but go home and grease your back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his hands; for if my shoulders had not paid for this fault, my purse must have sweat blood for't: the Rogue has got such a hank upon me—

Warn. So so, here's another of our Vessels come in [Enter Rose, after the storm that parted us: what comfort, Rose, no Harbor near?

Rose. My Ladie, as you may well imagine, is most extreame incens'd against *Sir Martin*, but she applauds your ingenuitie to the Skies. I'll say no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with my self about a Plot, to bring all about agen.

Rose. Yet again plotting! if you have such a mind to't, I know no way so proper for you, as to turn Poet to *Pugonello*.

Warn. Hark! is not that Musick in your house? [Musick plays.

Rose. Yes, *Sir John* has given my Mistress the Fiddles, and our old man is as jocund yonder, and does so hug himself, to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a Plot; I care not, I will speak, an' I were to be hang'd for't—shall I speak, dear *Warner*? let me now; it does so wamble within me, just like a Clyster, i'faith law, and I can keep it no longer for my heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldlie in the name of Non-sense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Landlord, who shall be of the Partie, go a mumming there, and by some device of dancing, get my Mistress away unsuspected by 'em all.

Rose.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your Projects have fail'd,
Warner?

Warn. Would I were hang'd if it be not somewhat probable: nay, now I consider better on't—exceeding probable, it must take, 'tis not in nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O must it so, Sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the Author of this device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my brains be as fruitful as yours, or any mans?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your Plot, Sir, either disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the credit of my Plot, to gain my Mistress: the Plot's a good one, and I'll justify it upon any ground of England; an' you will not work upon't, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the Knight has reason.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the best advantage: hark you,
Rose.

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your ordering, take notice 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented I'll take my Oath on't.

Rose. I must in to 'em, for fear I should be suspected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my old Ladie, and all the rest who ought to know it, with your design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and I, *Rose*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to night—

Rose. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, *Warner*; but for your sake I'll venture on 'em.

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, and Christian.

La. Dupe. Nay! good my Lord be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a house where he has wrong'd a Ladie? I'll never suffer it.

La. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your quarrel?

Lord. A very just one, as I am her Kinsman.

La. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be Arrested; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but revenge [Enter *Rose*.]

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord, *Sir Martin* himself has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Rose. A Fools Plot may be as luckie as a Fools Handsel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parson in the next room, we'll find work for him.

La. Dupe.

La. Dupe. That That be done immediately *Christian*, make haste, and send for Mr. Ball the Nonconformist, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earn'd.

Chr. And 2 or 3 Possets to be eaten: may I not put in that, Madam?

La. Dupe. Surelie you may. *(Ex. Christian.)*

Rose. Then for the rest 'tis onlie this— Oh! they are here! pray take it in a whisper: my Ladie knows of it already.

Enter Moody, Sir John, Millicent.

Mill. Strike up agen, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir John. Let's have the Brawls.

Mood. No, good *Sir John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

La. Dupe. Your Companie is like to be increas'd, *Sir*: some Neighbors that heard your Fiddles, are comē a mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be Jovy; an' I had but my Hobbie-horse at home—

Sir John. What, are they Men or Women?

La. Dupe. I believe some Prentices broke loose.

Mill. Rose! Go and fetch me down two Indian Gowns and Vizard Masks—You and I will disguise too, and be as good a Mummerie to them, as they to us.

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter Sir Martin, Warner, Landlord disguised like a Tony.

Mood. O here they come! Gentlemen Maskers, you are welcom—he signs for a Dance I believe; you are welcom, Mr. Musick, strike up, I'll make one as old as I am.

[Warner sings to the Musick for a Dance.]

Sir John. And I'll not be out.

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had the Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glasses, and some stools, ho, we'll have the Ladies health.

Sir John. But why stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you shall see: the humor is, that two men at a time are hoisted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the rest of the companie dance about them while they drink: this they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlanders invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers you shall begin.

Sir John. Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. Millicent, and Mrs. Christian, A Lion's

Touche! Touche!

Mood.

Mood. A rare toying Health this, come Sir John, while I dry drink now you and I will be in our Altitudes.

Sir John. What new device is this?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

Sir John to Tony. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest o' your company? I would fain see 'em again.

Landl. Come down and tell 'em so, *Cudden.*

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not some Plot in't, and this Fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! my daughter's gone, let me down, Sirrah.

Land. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir John. My Mistress is gone, let me down first.

Landl. This is the quickest way, *Cudden.*

Sir John. Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my neck.

Landl. And you will not come down, you may stay there, *Cudden.*

[*Exit Landlord dancing.*]

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir John. Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you Sir Jack.

Sir John. 'Twas long of your self to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcombs, to be drawn in thus!

Sir John. You old Sor you, to be caught so silly!

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll so claw thee.

Sir John. I hope I shall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy wooden Breast-work there.

Sir John. I hope to pull thee down from Babylon.

[*Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Sir Martin, Warner, Rose, Millifere veil'd, Landlord.*]

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what, quarrelling among your selves?

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play, he shall never marrie my daughter.

Sir Martin leading Rose. No, I'll be sworn, that he shall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven: in fine, Sir, we are join'd together in spite of Fortune.

Rose pulling off her mask. That we are indeed, Sir Martin, and these are Witnesses; therefore, in fine, never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven.

Omne. Rose!

Warn. What, is *Rose* split in two? sure I ha' got one *Rose!*

Appl. the best *Rose* you ever got in all your life. [*Pulls off her mask.*]

Warn.

Warn. This amaze'd me so much, I know not what to say or think.

Mood. My daughter married to *Warner*!

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impossible any man in *England* should have over-reach'd me; sure *Warner* there was some mistake in this: prithee *Billy* let's go to the Parson to set all right again, that every man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! for my part I will have nothing farther to do with these Women, for I find they will be too hard for us but em fit down by the loss, and content my self with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Estate of 2000 l. a Year?

Sir Mart. And I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd *Warner*!

Mill. I have serv'd him but sight for the cheat he put upon me, when he perswaded me you were a Wit--now there's a Trick for your Trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. [They let him down.]

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in policie keep you there, till your daughter and I had been in private, for a little consummation: But for once, Sir, I'll trust your good nature. [Takes him down too.]

Mood. And thou wert a Gentleman, it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was, till I married him, by my Lord here:

Lord. I cannot refuse to owe him for my Kinsman, though his Father's Sufferings in the late Times hath ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master, and besides there's an Estate of 200 l. a Year, only it is mortgaged for 6000 l.

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part, I am glad my daughter has mis'd in fine, there.

Sir John. I will not be the onely man that must sleep without a Bed-fellow to night, if this Ladie will once again receive me.

La. Dups. She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson, that did the former execution, is still in the next Chamber: what with Cawdles, Wine, and Quidding; which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheedle two more of you into Matrimony.

Mill. Poor *Sir Martin* looks melancholy! I am half afraid he is in love.

Warn. Not with the Ladie that took him for a Wit, I hope.

Rose. At least, *Sir Martin* can do more than you Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Ladie, which you cannot my Mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my Man, and, in fine, I shall get another.

Mill.

Ann. You'll do very well, *Sir Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part I had lov'd you before, if I had follow'd my inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the latest, except your love can grow up like a Mulhaome, at a nights warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your self, I can love as fast as any man, when I am high possession; my love falls heavie, and never moves quick, till it comes near the Centre; he's an ill Falconer, that will unhood before the Quatrie be in sight.

*Love's an high-metal'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

A S *Countrey Vicars, when the Sermon's done,*
Run budling to the Benediction;
Well knowing, though the better Sort may stay,
The Vulgar Rout will run unblest away:
So we, when once our Play is done, make haste
With a short Epilogue to close your taste.
In thus withdrawing we seem mannerly,
But when the Curtain's down, we peep and see
A Fury of the Wits who still stay late,
And in their Club decree the poor Plays fate;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,
Thence all the Town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, Gallants, we like Lilly can foresee,
But if you ask us what our Doom will be,
We by to morrow will our Fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the Tear is past.

FINIS.
